Country

THE PLYMOUTH BANNER.

"THE STARSPANGLED BANNER, LONG MAY IT WAVE, O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Education, Morals, Science, Agriculture, Commerce, Politics, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News,

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THE BANNER.

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RICHARD CORBALEY.

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For the Banner.

MR. CORBALEY:—I don't recollect that you have given any notice of that *far famed* book—"*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." I have just finished reading it, and must confess that I never read a book that interested me more. The scenes are so life-like and true to nature—the language of the different individuals so natural—and the narrative on the whole so truthful, that while we read, we see—we feel we believe. I would not give a *copper for any one's religion*, that could read *Uncle Tom* through, without using up two or three pocket-handkerchiefs, in mopping away the overflowing waters. Yes, if ever I passed through the "*deep waters*," it was at the closing scenes of *Uncle Tom*, and the angel-like heiress *Eva*.

Too good for earth, she's taken home,
To dwell with God above:
Through her short life, Christ's image shone;
For all her acts were *Love*.

And *Uncle Tom*—poor *Uncle Tom*;
A *Martyr*, he did prove!
He suffer'd long ere his time came,
To test his dying love.
Through sorest trials, his God did serve—
His heart, all *Purity*;
Nor all earth's fiends could make him swerve,
From his *Integrity*.

Let religious disputants throw away their differences, and act out the *Practical*, like these two characters, who closely imitated their pattern, Christ; and we would have a great deal better world.—Skeptics would then say, "indeed there is a reality in religion." Let every body read this book, and study well these two characters; and then, if they have not better feelings of humanity, or Christianity, I might say there is no hope for them. Let any one read two pages in this book, and then lay it down and say it is uninteresting—there is no hope for such!—They have *small souls*—their ideas could all be compressed in a nut-shell, and *Mammon*, or *Sensuality*, is their *God*. As a natural consequence, every person of refined taste will read this book; therefore, it is impolite to press any one in *company* with the question—"Have you read *Uncle Tom*?" Why any body that never read *Uncle Tom*, *don't no nuthen*!

Some will say, that Mrs. Stowe has *strained* matters, and given only fanciful sketches, in order to make a book that would sell. *Not at all*—I am a Kentuckian, and I am proud of the name—I am also proud that I can say, that I, nor my father, never owned a slave. But my father had for several years, the charge committed to him, over a family of slaves as administrator on the estate of Mr. R———. And I am also proud to say, that he treated them humanely, and kindly. As a proof of this, I will quote one verse from "Lines to the memory of Rev. T—— M——," published thirty years ago, in one of the periodicals of the day.

"The slaves that Heaven to his care consigned,
N'er felt the terrors of a slavish mind;
Well fed, warm clad, to mod'rate labor prest—
They loved their fetters, and their bondage blest."

And in that family there was one Uncle Tom, who was a pious Methodist, and as honest, and honorable in principle as any man in Kentucky.

Kentucky has hundreds of as kind & indulgent masters as Mr. Shelby, or Mr. St. Clare, of Louisiana; and in general, the slaves in Kentucky are apparently a happy, and cheerful people. There are numbers that would not leave their masters if they had their choice; provided they could be assured of a permanent home for themselves and their families, and that they should not be separated. But while the laws of that State make them *chattels personal* they cannot be thus assured; but are subject in the settlement of estates—in the payment of debts—or at the whim of the owner, to be sold like so many head of cattle, or horses; *and the dearest objects of nature, or of affection cut asunder*! I will relate one case which came under my knowledge; which, if all the circumstances and details were given, perhaps it would in severity, equal Uncle Tom's.

Dr. J. W. B———, *a good member of the Baptist Church*, whose farm lay adjoining to mine in Shelby county, and the nearest neighbor I had; took a fancy to sell his slave, Gilbert, to a negro trader, that was buying negroes to take south, on a speculation. *A negro trader*—the meanest calling that ever disgraced humanity! Dr. B—— also owned Gilbert's wife, Rose, who had several small children; and in order to part them with as little noise as possible, (the trader having been on the premises—viewed his victim—and closed a trade, without Gilbert or his wife knowing it;) Dr. B—— sent Gilbert with a cart and some farming utensils to a smith shop in the neighborhood, where he generally got his smith-work done; in the mean time, the Dr. and the trader had gone on to the shop—had irons forged—and a few bullies gathered there; and as soon as Gilbert stepped in the shop, they throwed him down—put the irons on him, and the trader marched him right off, without letting him go back to bid his wife and children *a last farewell*! That is the last I ever heard of Gilbert. God knows what has become of him, and whether or not he has come to the same death to which Uncle Tom came. Awake Kentucky my native State! arouse from your sumbers, and put away this *dreadful curse*, SLAVERY!!!

J. M.

Yellow River, May 30th, 1853.

Shall I Cut my Seed Potatoes?

I have never found time to investigate this subject until the last summer. I wish now to give you some of the results of these investigations, and the reasoning connected with them.

1. The difference between a proper seed and a potatoe tuber, (and many other tubers also,) is this: A seed has one vital point whence the plant must start. A tuber has as many vital points as buds or eyes, and may be cut into as many parts, each of which may be made to grow. The vital energy located about the eye and the storehouse of nutriment, usually in the shape of starch, treasured up in the pulp, being sufficient for this purpose.

2. Nature does not seem to have intended, ordinarily, that *all* eyes should grow. The number seems to be a provision against accident, just as in the case of fruit trees. If a part of the buds or eyes of either are destroyed the others are forced into growth.

A potatoe is in its most perfect condition when a single eye grows and receives the support of the whole tuber. The vines, in the end, will be as numerous and wide spread as though more had grown. Usually however, a large proportion of the eyes do grow, especially under generous culture.

3. The eye of a potatoe just like a true seed, depends upon the nutriment stored about the vital point for the impulse that throws out the plant—the sprout upward the root downward. In the case of a proper seed, water must be absorbed first; in the case of the potatoe that water is already in the tuber, and cannot be absorbed through its skin, which is as impervious to water as India rubber.

4. Now, if we cut potatoes for seed, particularly if we cut them very small, say into single eyes, then we subdivide the whole nutriment of the tuber into as many portions as the tuber has eyes. Instead, therefore, of each bud that grows having the nutriment that belonged to two or three, as is often the case when whole tubers, or the half of very large tubers are planted, it is suited to its own individual proportion of the whole tuber. The same reasoning applies to the use of very small potatoes for seed.

In strict accordance with this reasoning, every observant cultivator of potatoes has noticed that in the use of seed cut very small, or of very small whole tubers, the early growth of his plants was slow, and for a time spindling. In such cases a good soil, careful culture, and a long season, may bring up the plant to a sturdy growth and a large yield. It cannot be seen however, that in case the season is short, or otherwise bad, or the variety planted a late one, and especially if the culture be careless, the crop is greatly jeopardised.

5. Still more does this reasoning find enhancement in the fact that by this use of cut or small seed, the season of tubering is made from one to three weeks later than it otherwise would be, and thus the health and yield of the crop, and often the table quality of the tuber is endangered.

6. It is obvious to every cultivator, that cut seed is exposed to danger in cold and wet springs, it being well ascertained that the cut surface of a potatoe withstands the action of cold and wet much less perfectly than the natural skin of the potatoe. In good weather I have not found cut potatoes rot, since not more than one in two hundred has failed to grow.

The conclusion of the whole matter, then, seems to be this. If you cannot get the desirable quantity of seed, or if you have a very choice variety which you wish to increase as fast as possible, cut your seed, and also plant the very small ones. If the variety planted matures early, you have also the more hope of success. So, also, if it be a very hardy sort, success will be the more probable. It will well pay cost, if, in planting such cut of small seed, you have a little rich compost at hand, to put around the seed when planted. This will in some degree make good the feebleness of the mother tuber.

It seems to me that facts, and the foregoing course of reasoning, settles the whole question beyond a doubt. Should other cultivators have come to a different conclusion, I hope they will enlighten agriculturists with their reasonings.

Country Gentleman.

From the Ladies' Repository.

LITTLE CHIP.

A Victim of False Imprisonment.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

It gives me pleasure always to call up recollections of the early youth of a playmate, known among her acquaintances as "Little Chip." She was timid as a young bird that has never left the parent nest, but when among her intimate friends was as restless as a caged sparrow, and was always singing and chirping; hence, her nickname "Chip-bird," which familiarized among her playmates, became "Little Chip."

As tender to impressions as the summer plants she nurtured, her open heart trembled at the mention of every youthful exploit which, in the slightest degree, would harm the meanest worm or insect; and her companions respected her loving gentleness so much, that they all strove with sensitive sympathy, to avoid every word or act that would wound her delicate feelings.

During a ramble in the woods, if a rude boy should disturb the harmony and quiet of a colony of ants, Little Chip would complain bitterly, and never leave the spot till, in all possible ways, she had endeavored to repair the injury. Were a bird wounded, Little Chip took it in charge. She seemed to enjoy herself the highest when ministering to the comfort of creatures helpless and likely to die without fostering care. The boys never quarreled violently when Little Chip was one of the company. She would plead so earnestly and tenderly for the wranglers to make friends, that none could resist her. All disputes between schoolgirls were settled by Little Chip. Her kindness, gentleness, tenderness, and justness were like embodied angels—sent to promote good feeling and loving harmony among all who had her confidence.

Nobody "named her but to praise;" and many a parent thought, with quickening feelings, of the home-comfort her father and mother must take in her obedient goodness, ever manifest. Her mother watched over her angel-child with a degree of care and anxiety only equaled by that florist who should have a passion for the shrinking mimosa, and undertake to protect it from all such influences as might close its petals. But, poor Little Chip! she was to lose this kind mother's vigilant care. She was ten years old when her mother died, and a maiden aunt—her father's sister—became her guardian. Under her mother's teaching, while she lost none of her gentleness and goodness, she was instructed as to guard her sensitive nature against injuries, spring from causes over which she had no foresight nor control; but her aunt was a stern, fearless woman, and the little Chip-bird found her home an eyrie, belonging to an eagle, strong of wing, that would have taken the wee birdling, and made bold sweeps into the broad sky—an eagle that loved to teach young birds to fly, but wished them as strong as herself; and when wing and courage failed them, thought that to strengthen both, vivid pictures of the power of swift-winged hawks, of lurking animals, and skillful sportsmen were required.

The rugged aunt had no sympathy with her sensitive niece; and to make the child as fearless as herself, it was her policy to teach her, by exposure, that her timidity was groundless. Every command was enforced by some threat, which stimulated the child's terror; and soon Little Chip became so weak and fearful a thing, that it was irksome to her companions to have her with them in their jovial sports; but still she was the same gentle, loving bird, and no one could intentionally do aught to make her feel that she was not always welcome to every opportunity for enjoyment. She needed encouragement and sympathy, and her companions felt and contributed to her need.

One evening she was beguiled at play till the hour for returning home had passed. At length, awakened to her neglect of her aunt's commands, she hastened toward her father's house with a heart trembling as does that of a young fawn when, for the first time, its swift enemy, the hound, lays upon its track.

Her father was absent, and the aunt had a fair opportunity to test her plan of overcoming Little Chip's childish fears. She met the truant at the front door, and as the honest child approached, with downcast look, and the words of confession on her lip, the silly woman cried:

"No! I'll not excuse you. I'll shut you up. I'm going out this evening; you shall stay in the dark till I get back, and if you make a bit of noise, that great monster I've told you about so often shall take you off."

Poor Little Chip! fear-chills crept over her, and she cried as if her heart would break; but her sobs had no effect upon her governess. She was led into the dark room, and left with this admonition:

"Now, mind you. Be quiet, or you'll be taken off, and your father wouldn't like to lose his Little Chip."

Very thoughtless, and very cruel it was thus to leave this child with an indefinable fear creeping over her—a dread of some shadowy shape, that was to rob her father of his little Bird, occupying her timorous heart. She crept into a corner, and buried her face in her hands, and wept and trembled, as she never had wept or trembled before. The silence and darkness of the room weighed upon her; now she would open her fingers, and strain her eyes, to peer through the darkness, as if she wished to know if there were, indeed, a monster in the room; then she would clasp her hands and tremble, and the beating of her heart could have been heard at any point in the apartment.

She had been alone an hour, when she thought she heard footsteps in the hall, then she fancied some one had touched the door. For an instant she hoped it was her father, coming to release her, and she felt an impulse to bound to meet him. A shuffling sound struck her ear; she thought the door opened, yet she saw no object. In an agony of fear, she threw herself upon the floor, and hid her face. Again the shuffling sound fell upon her ear, and, with a convulsive movement, she started back. A monster, with glaring eyeballs, illuminating a hideous face—in her eyes, frightful beyond the conception of the calm imagination—stood before her. With a scream, wild and terrible, expressing, in its weird-like tone and furious energy, the full terror of her heart, the Little Chip-bird sunk powerless to the floor.

It was but an instant before the father, calling his child, rushed through the hall. He had just entered the house. Lights were promptly obtained, and Little Chip was found alone.

How that father's heart bled when he lifted his child from the floor, as helpless as if her gentle spirit had been frightened from its feeble tenement; but the tender bird was not dead. Better she had been. If the spirit was not frightened away, its alarm had been so intense, that intelligent communication between it and the frame in which it dwelt was destroyed, and loving, gentle Little Chip was a helpless creature, having only the capacity to look, with eloquent tenderness, into the eyes of those who approached her, and beg with trembling accents,

"You'll not let the big thing hurt me! Don't put me in the dark, *will you?*"

Her tones were so plaintive, her gentleness so touching, that all the tender-hearted who came in contact with her wept bitterly over her misfortunes.

What of those who had been the instruments in so frightening her timid spirit that her child-like reason was dethroned? The apparition that entered the dark room in which Little Chip had been a prisoner was a mischievous boy, dressed for the purpose, who had often heard Little Chip's aunt threaten her with the "big thing," and he thought to have a little fun by putting the stern aunt's threat into execution. He had no intention of harm, further than frightening the timid bird. He did no more harm than to frighten her; but the fearful consequences of that fright! It made the boy almost a maniac. So deep was his contrition, that Little Chip's grieved father mourned for him instead of feeling a spirit of vengeance toward him.

What of the aunt? Little Chip never saw her but she cried, in such piteous tones as would melt the sternest heart,

"Don't, aunt! *don't* let the big thing get me! You won't, *will* you, aunt?"

Then she would look up into her aunt's eyes, and cling to her with a shudder, and the woman who had thought to overcome her niece's timidity by exposing it to trial, would weep with, and strive to sooth the timorous lunatic, while her heart bled to think of the fearful outrage she had inflicted upon her tender nature.—She would have given her own life to have restored Little Chip to the place she once occupied in the family. She watched her, soothed her, and endeavored, in all other possible ways, to recall her wandering reason, but in vain. The gentle sprit fretted itself free from the trammels of clay, and, in about two years, went to a home where its loving-kindness met many a kindred charm, and where are no frights nor fears—no cruelties—no torments to make the heart, too sensitive of wrong, suffer from shadowy fear or bleed for ignorant injustice.

The aunt never forgave herself for her wrong to the gentle Little Chip. She was a martyr to false ideas—ideas which have been the cause of very great wrong in many families.

Too many parents hold to this woman's false philosophy. Let them remember, that though they may frighten a child into obedience, it is not governed—only frightened, and that fright is a blight upon the spirit, whose effects remain evident for a lifetime.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

Washington and its Public Buildings.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PIECE OF NATIVE COPPER.

Between the War and Navy Departments will be seen a wonderful piece of native copper, weighing about five tons. The history of this wonderful copper rock is singular and curious. It was brought from the river Ontonagon, near Lake Superior. It was known over two hundred years ago. The Indian priests described it to the Jesuits who visited that part of the country, & who wished to be conducted to it. But an ancient superstition concerning the rock prevented the Indians from pointing it out to the white man. They thought that when the white man had seen this rock, the country would fall into their hands, and the Indians would all be destroyed. They had a belief that the Manitou resided in this rock, and they used it as a place of sacrifice. They believed that this Manitou had been to their ancestors as their Mediator, when they should stand in need of some favor. To render the spirit more propitious to them, they smoked the calumet over this rock. And on important and solemn occasions, they imagined the rock spoke to them in a voice of thunder, and demanded a human sacrifice from among the enemies of the Indians. Father Charlevoix, a Catholic priest, gives a description of one of these sacrifices, which outrages even cruelty itself. A young female had been taken prisoner during a war excursion, and the Great Spirit ordered her to be immolated. She was a maiden of fifteen years of age, and was induced to believe by her captors that she would soon become the bride of the son of the Head Chief of the Tribe. Every attention was paid to her; her neck, arms and ancles were crowded with bracelets of silver and copper. The time appointed for the marriage was at the end of winter, and she felt rejoiced as the season of her happiness approached.—The day fixed for the sacrifice finally dawned, and she passed through all the preparatory ceremonies of a marriage, was dressed in gay attire, and covered with all the ornaments that the settlement could command, when she was placed in the midst of a circle of warriors, dressed in war suits, who seemed to escort her from motives of deference.—Besides their arms, each one carried pieces of wood, which the preceding day she had gathered believing that it was to be used for the purpose of elevating her to a high rank. The poor maiden advanced to the altar with rapturous feelings of joy and timidity natural to the bosom of a female. The Manitou was invoked that the Great Spirit might prosper the enterprise; music and dancing was performed, and the deceitful delusion was kept up in the mind of the maiden to the last moment. But when she reached the rock, and saw nothing but fires, torches and instruments of torture, her eyes were opened, her fate was revealed, and she became aware of her horrible destiny, as she had often heard of the mysterious sacrifices at the Copper Rock. What must have been her feelings! how great her surprise! how terrible the change, when she became aware of their intentions! Who could describe the terrible horror and intense agony of that critical moment! Tears of blood flowed down her cheeks; her cries resounded through the forest—but neither tears nor entreaties prevailed. She implored the stern warriors who surrounded her, to have pity on her innocence and youth; but all in vain. The Indian priests coolly proceed with their horrid and barbarous ceremonies! She was tied on the top of the sacrificial Copper Rock, with green withs. The terrible superstitions of the Indian priests in relation to the sacrifices of the copper monster, prevailed.—The Great Spirit and the Monitou demanded the fair sacrifice. The fire was gradually applied to her youthful body, with torches made of the wood her own hands had gathered for the warriors.—When exhausted with cries, grief and pain, the great chief shot an arrow into her heart, which was followed by the spears of his followers, until her body became a torn and shapeless mass of human flesh, and the blood poured down her sides in streams. When the blood had ceased to flow, the high priest approached the body of the victim and tore out her heart, and amid the acclamations of the whole tribe, invoked the blessing of the bloody Monitou, and began to devour the flesh of the dead! The mangled remains were then left to be devoured by wild beasts. The weapons of war were then sprinkled with the blood of the dead, and all returned to their cabins cheered with the assurance of a glorious victory over their enemy in the next contest.

Such is the history of this curious copper rock, at a period long before it was removed from its native home. Henry, a trader, who, soon after the conquest of Canada by the English, set out on a trading voyage to Fort Mackinaw, and was present at the massacre of the whole garrison, says that on his way back to Michilimackinack he encamped at the mouth of the Ontonagon river, and was led by Indian guides to this great sacrificial rock. He says that it was pure copper, and so soft that with an axe he cut off a piece weighing a hundred pounds. On viewing the surface of the rock, he conjectured that it had rolled from the side of a lofty hill which rises at its back. In more modern times, Henry R. Schoolcraft, who accompanied Gen. Cass in his travels on the lake, visited this great block of native copper. In the year 1841, a person named Eldred purchased from the head chief of the Ontonagon tribe this copper rock for the sum of $150.

In 1844, he prepared at Detroit a portable iron rilway and car, with tackle, capstan and blocks, and with the assistance of twenty men he succeeded in removing it to the shore of the lake, where it was claimed by General Cunningham as the property of the United States.—Cunningham agreed that Eldred should be paid for his time and expense in removing it to Detroit, and when government should remove it to Washington, he should act as agent, and be compensated for his services. Government, in 1843, brought it to Washington, where it now lies. The object Eldred had in view was to exhibit the rock in this country and then in Europe, as the greatest natural curiosity, and the most remarkable mineral specimen in the world. Congress ordered that he should be paid the sum of $5,645 98 to re-imburse him for the labor and expenses he had incurred. Such is the authentic history of the Copper Rock lying between the War and Navy Departments at Washington.

RAILWAY SIGNALS.—We have seen the model of an ingenious, simple, and apparently effectual system of Railroad Signals, the invention of Mr. Moses S. Beach of the *Sun*. Mr. Beach proposes to erect a series of signal posts along the track of a railroad, in the vicinity of all draw bridges, and to connect them by means of chains and pulleys in such a manner that the act of opening a draw necessarily occasions a change in the signals. To the last of the signal posts, which is to be removed to a sufficient distance from the bridge to insure the safety of the train, is attached a small gate, so arranged as to project over the track while the bridge remains open. The return of the bridge to its place restores the signals to the position indicating safety.—Lanterns displaying red or green lights are attached to each of the posts, that due notice may be given in the night.—This contrivance has the merit of simplicity and cheapness; and we understand it has been submitted to several Railroad Companies. The sooner the signal system is perfected, the better it will be for the public and the Companies.

N. Y. Times.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—Boston, May 24.—The Town of Rockland, in this State, was nearly destroyed by fire yesterday.—Twenty-three stores and twenty other buildings were consumed. The loss is estimated at $175,000.